

Sturm und Drang

A game for 2 players

Who if we cried out might hear us?*

Here we are, out for a walk, our post-industrial sigh;
Our nights are made for to lovers to hide;
Beneath the sky, those bricks:
Leave them behind, but bring their remnants with us:
Radicalised.

Ingredients

One coin, Queen's head reversed;
Two people, each using the other as cover.
Three parts: beginning, middle and, of course, The End.
Four-Eyes; how shall we remake this spectacle?

Take back the past to shape a future.

Who lived here?
What did they do?
Where did they go?
How did it end?
Why does it matter?

Who holds the coin narrates their piece
Then passes it to their lover.
Transmit, receive;
First one coin, then the other.

Beginning.
Middle.
End.

All that remains of us is rubble.

Nature is the horror we refuse to recognise:
That's why she's beautiful.

Despoil her as she despoiled us.
Fill her empty space with your seed.
Eggs lay discarded on stony ground.

Hold hands!
Sweet fury of sex.
Stories are on the wind.
Rules of language
Punctuate your death.

This is the game worth playing.
Every tower is falling.

* Rainer Maria Rilke